



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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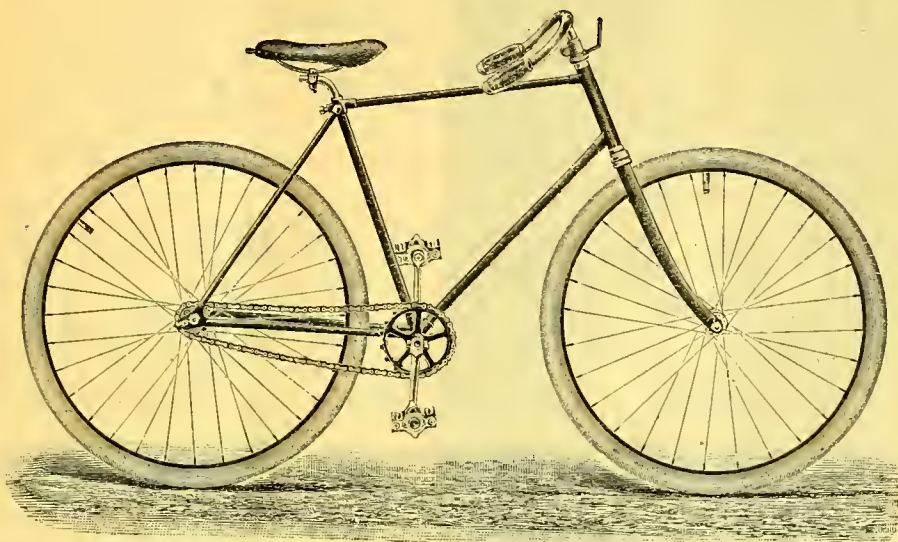
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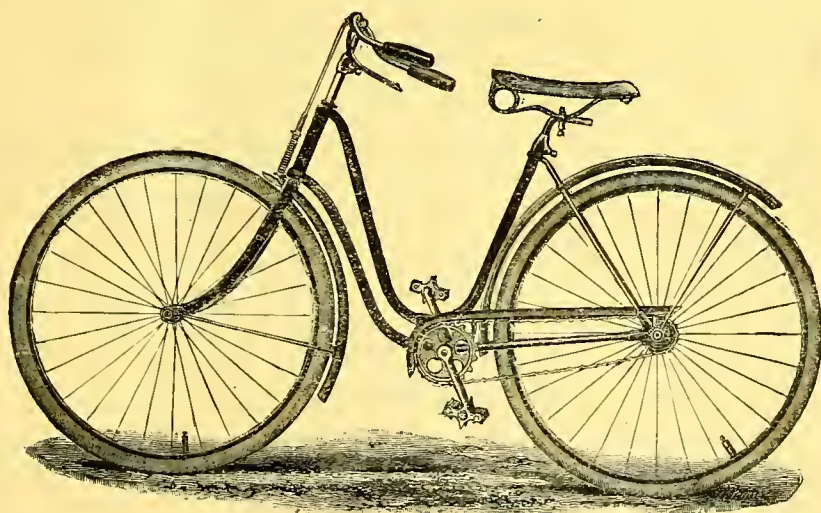
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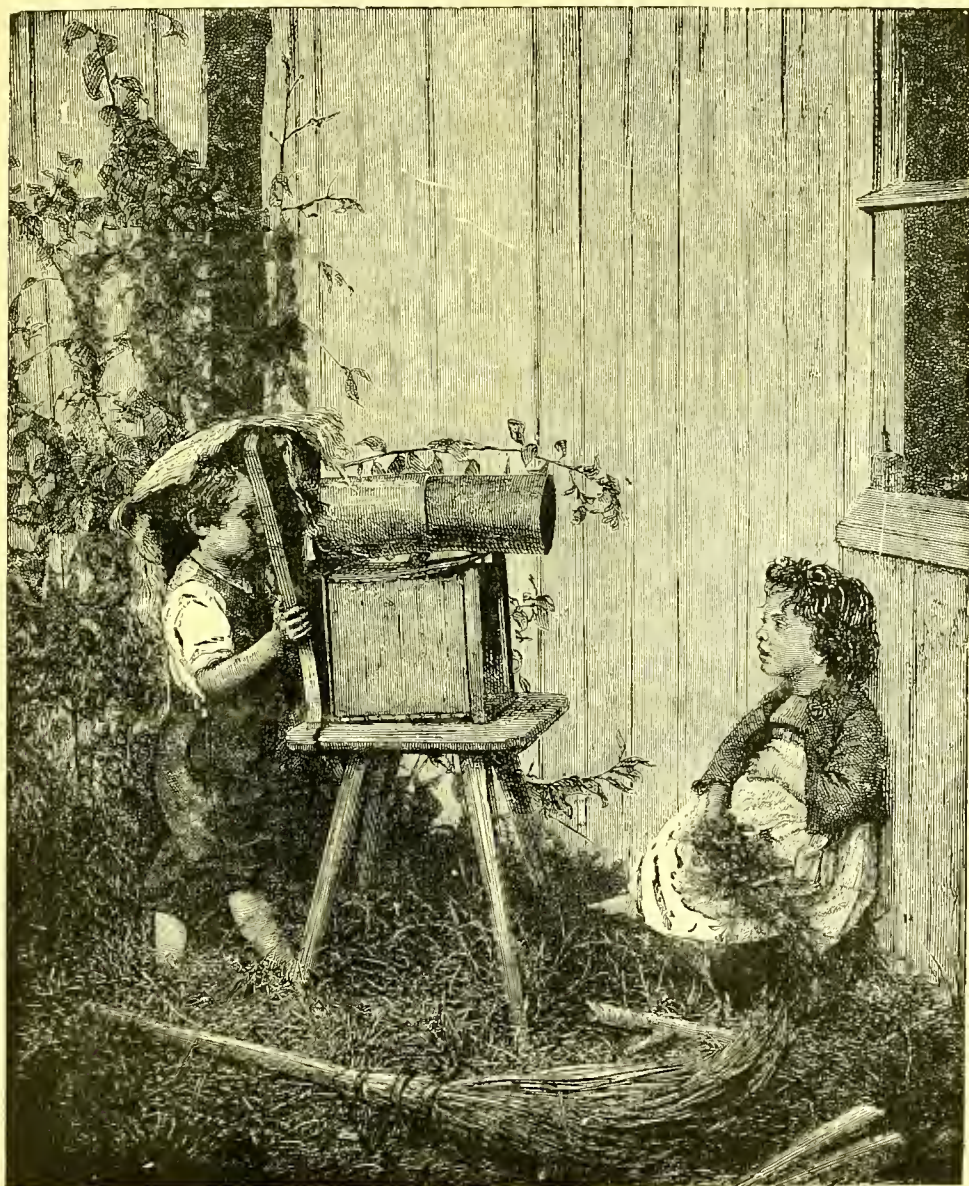
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

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No. 10.



"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!"

THE things which children resort to for amusement, and the ingenuity with which they piece out the materials they have in completing a resemblance to something they have seen others use, frequently are of a character to puzzle their elders and make even philosophers ashamed of their so-called smartness. The beauty of infants' sport is that no matter how limited their stock of toys or their facilities with which to procure or create new ones, their content of mind and imaginative powers supply all lack, and they are just as happy as though they had everything that money can buy. A rag doll fashioned out of an old towel and a shred of shawl or flannel is as dear to its little mother's heart as is the costliest china or wax production with which the Christmas windows make us familiar. The stick which the ruddy son of the laborer bestrides in his proud career around his poor dooryard or in the dusty street, is quite as much a joy to him as is the rocking-horse "with real hair" which beguiles the hours of the nabob's heir. And in the instance which the artist has on the preceding page pictured, the rude but clever contrivance which the plump urchin has devised with which to take his little sister's picture is as much a pleasure and an achievement to them both as though it were a genuine magic lantern or a camera itself.

Children teach a lesson to the parents and to adult mankind in more than one way, and the world would be happier if the lessons were better heeded. Think how much brighter life would be if we could all throughout our mortal existence cultivate and possess the contentment of spirit that the healthy little people in the picture manifest! How infinitely more sunshiny would this

earth be if all its people would but be satisfied with that which they have and make the best of it, without gloomy longing for that which they do not have, and envy of those whose worldly condition appears to be better! To be sure, children have no grave cares to harass their little hearts and no anxieties that a mother's kiss or a father's kind word will not smooth away. But grown-up people would not have half so many troubles if they did not multiply them by brooding over them and complaining at them. Care is one of those things which grow by what they feed upon, and its appetite insatiable; and he passes through trials best who meets them with a brave, stout spirit, and who in his heart at all times can feel that God is good and the world is beautiful after all. One smile is worth a dozen frowns at any time—one joyful note of praise is better for all general purposes of success and prosperity than a ton of groans. What the little photographer in the engraving is doubtless saying to his expectant subject, we can in all earnestness and sincerity commend to the reader young and old: "Look pleasant, please!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL REVIEWS.

HAVING been requested to address the Sunday school officers and teachers of Salt Lake Stake, at their monthly meeting, on the subject of Sunday School Reviews, I prepared some notes for that purpose. Feeling that there was not enough said on that occasion, upon this important theme, I respectfully submit the following ideas suggested by the notes referred to:

The following definitions of the word Review appear in Webster's Dictionary: "To view or see again; to look back

on; to go over with critical examination in order to discover excellencies or defects; to retrace; a second or repeated view; a second examination with a view to amendment or improvement."

In the Brigham Young Academy course of instruction to Sunday school workers it was stated that "A review is an educational exercise wherein past subjects are gone over again." Dr. Karl G. Maeser, in one of his lectures, said: "Sunday school reviews should consist of an actual repetition of work done." These statements conform with the definitions quoted from Webster, and together furnish us a clear understanding of the meaning of the term.

The purpose of reviews is that by repetition the student may more perfectly learn and remember the important points in lessons. An old motto is that "Repetition is the mother of studies." There are very few who can learn a fact of history, science, doctrine, or anything else requiring an effort of the mind, by reading or hearing it once only; the rule is that all need to have the fact frequently reiterated to create an impression that will be retained in memory. This is apparent in obtaining an ordinary school education. The child has to repeat each lesson a great many times before becoming familiar with it. We should not assume that a child or youth can any more readily comprehend gospel truths and other facts presented in Sunday school than they can the subjects they have to study in day schools. Bear in mind, it is not what is heard or read, but what is remembered, that is profitable; and there is no class of learning that is of greater benefit than that which can be acquired in the Sunday school, because it affects the child's eternal welfare.

For convenience, we will consider the

subject under two divisions: first, the class review; second, the public review.

For the class review, it is recommended that the first portion of time in the class be devoted every Sunday morning, to a brief reconsideration of the principal topics presented in the lesson of the preceding Sunday. For this purpose in the higher or Theological Class, one of the teachers or one of the pupils, selected in turn, should occupy about ten minutes in stating the chief points of the former lesson. In some of the other classes this may be better accomplished by the teacher questioning the pupils regarding their remembrance of the most important items that had been under consideration on the previous Sunday. The advantage of thus commencing the exercises with a review of the prior lesson is obvious. It recalls to the memory of the students those things that are most desirable should not be forgotten; and, when lessons are arranged in consecutive order, as they should be, it prepares the members of the class for a clearer understanding of what they are about to consider.

To conclude the class exercises it is advisable to review the lesson then gone over, by the teacher submitting questions to the class for the purpose of ascertaining if the pupils have properly comprehended the leading features of the subjects therein presented. Beginning and closing the exercises, as stated, combined with giving the students an opportunity to ask questions on the lesson topics, constitute what is generally understood as a class review.

It is excellent training for the scholars to be required to stand up while answering a question, and speak sufficiently distinct for all present to hear every word said. This practice is a

valuable aid in fastening the subject on the mind of the student who makes the effort to lucidly and concisely answer a question or make a statement.

It has been suggested that, to afford additional opportunity for class reviews, and encourage the scholars in the acquirement of confidence in expressing ideas in their own language in public it would be well to have a review of each class, as frequently as practicable, before the whole school. About fifteen minutes devoted to this, every alternate Sunday, for each class in turn, might be time well spent.

We may now proceed to consider the second division of this subject, the public review. Reverting to the meaning of the word, as alluded to in the first part of this article, I repeat, in the form announced in the Brigham Young Academy course of instruction, "A review is an educational exercise wherein past subjects are gone over again." Bearing this in mind, it is manifestly contrary to this meaning to introduce in what is called a "Review" anything that has not before been a feature of class exercises in the Sunday school. It is a too common practice in reviews, so-called, to go through a program composed wholly, or the greater part, of specially prepared "show pieces," that have not formed any portion of the lessons or exercises in the regular sessions of the classes. Recitations, songs and essays are thus rendered for the purpose of displaying the ability of individual members. The "parade horses," as Dr. Maeser says, are trotted out for public admiration. Recitations are attempted oftentimes far beyond the capacity of those who endeavor to recite. Songs that are entirely inappropriate to the occasion are sung. Wearisome essays read that are far from representing ideas

learned in Sunday school, and from being entirely original with the reader. Instead of being designated as reviews, such entertainments gotten up for public display should be called exhibitions, festivals, jubilees, or some other appropriate name.

The principal purpose of a public review is to demonstrate to parents and friends the excellence of instructions and training that pupils have received in the Sunday school, also, as stated in the Brigham Young Academy course, "to discover defects, if there be any, with a view to remedying them and repairing the weak places." It is evident that these objects cannot be properly attained unless the program of the review is composed of matter that has actually formed a part of the work done in school.

It may be said that an attentive, interesting and instructive program for a public review cannot be made up from the work ordinarily done in the school. In answer to that I would say, if such is the case, there is something wrong; the Sunday school work is not as interesting to the pupils as it should be. Under these circumstances one of the first duties of officers and teachers should be to introduce exercises in the classes that are not only instructive but that will prove as attractive and interesting to the scholars as they would to the public.

Of course, it will not do to neglect preparation for a public review. The fact that the program should include items mainly educational in character, and that have already been gone over in the classes, would be no excuse for neglecting thorough preparation. The officers and teachers should possess a commendable ambition in this direction, and the pupils should be inspired with

the same, to make the review a success in all respects. Naturally, the subjects and exercises presented on the occasion of a public review will be selected from the best that have been rendered in the school. If a program book is kept by the head teacher of each class, in which to record the lessons and exercises each Sunday, and names of those who take part therein, selections could readily be made therefrom for the contemplated public review.

Singing, very properly, constitutes a prominent feature of the public reviews, as indeed it should be in the regular school exercises. If, for the sake of variety, solos are given, it would be well to select such as have a chorus that may be sung by all the scholars.

All who are to take part in the review should be given sufficient time for preparation and rehearsal, and the fact that they have previously had experience in the same, in their class work, is an assurance that the program will be carried out in a more excellent and satisfactory manner than if new selections had to be learned.

D. M. McAllister.

"Not to make a choice between frugality with parsimony, on the one hand, and liberality with prodigality on the other, should be our aim, but so to conduct our saving and our spending as to make them both ministers to the same end—the highest happiness, the best welfare, the fullest life of one and all. Just so far as each promotes this object it is worthily fulfilling its mission; when either sacrifices this, it becomes an evil."

THOSE nervous folks who are annoyed by everything that approaches them, annoy everybody they approach.

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS.

YEARS ago an incident that occurred during my first mission, was related in the INSTRUCTOR, under the heading, "Thou shalt not be Confounded." The article stated how I received divine aid when an infidel sought to confound me with questions, while preaching upon a certain occasion. I would like you to allow me to relate what preceded this circumstance, and what followed after.

I was set apart under the hands of Elders G. B. Wallace and W. S. Cutler, in Birmingham, England, in the spring of 1850. G. B. Wallace, being mouth, I listened to his words, and hoped he would say some good things upon my head, as had been pronounced upon the heads of those previously set apart. Silently I had prayed in my heart that Bro. Wallace would be mouth in my case. My prayer was answered, for he, though out of turn, set me apart.

My joy was full; he made statements upon my head that I did not fail to remember. Said he, "Brother Adams go forth in the fear of the Lord, and warn the people; preaching the Gospel and the Lord shall go with you, and before you. He shall show you to those who will receive you, and they shall know you when they first see you, and shall feed and comfort you, and by your testimony they shall receive the Gospel, and become identified with the people of God; the Lord shall show you unto them by dreams of the night. Your path will be strewn with opposition from those who claim Christ as their Saviour; but the Lord shall bring you out in triumph and good shall be the result of your labors, and in your darkest moments the Lord shall make bare his arm in your behalf," etc.

I was assigned to the Pilling and Fleetwood District of the Preston Con-

ference. I went, and for three weeks worked with all my might, in the village of Pilling, and no one seemed interested in the message I bore; but all were kind to me, and I was prospered.

One day I thought I would extend my field of action, so I started to Fleetwood. I stopped over night at Notend, having to cross an arm of the sea in a ferry boat at sunrise next morning. When I stepped on the boat I was the possessor of an only sixpence. Twopence was my fare, thus you see, that it was close quarters for me in a strange place, where I knew no one. My friend in my pocket would not furnish me a bed, and it seemed that a close time was approaching me. But I was not daunted.

As I landed upon the beach a man whose clothing indicated a baker or grocer, bid me good morning. I think he saw I was an entire stranger. The sun was just rising, and was scarcely full out of the ocean behind me. He remarked how beautiful the sight was. I turned and looked, and was led to quote that scripture which says: "The sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned into blood before the great and terrible day of the Lord cometh." I added "what an immense change there will be then!"

Said he, "do you believe what you repeat?"

I replied that God's Holy Book said so, and Christ spoke as no other man spoke, and guile was never found in his mouth, and I was bound to believe it.

"I perceive you are a religious man: to what church do you belong?" he asked.

I replied, "The Church of Christ."

He asked me many questions, and I took pains not to mention the names of

Brigham Young and Joseph Smith, or anything that might check my present hope of getting an opening in a new place. When he was leaving me, he invited me to come to his house at eight o'clock that evening, and he would have me a good congregation, for he wanted all men to hear the glad tidings I bore to him.

With this opening, I felt that I would pass the day without saying more, least I may become conspicuous and thereby blight my evening's prospect; so I walked along the sands and offered up several silent prayers for my success.

Eight o'clock came. I repaired to the house designated, and went in. My host was a class leader in the Methodist Church. He had told the glad news to some of his class, and through them he learned that I was a Latter-day Saint, a Mormon, a follower of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. The seeds of bitterness were sown in his heart; instead of bringing up his religious friends to meet me, he went to the dockyards and got about thirty-five of the most hardened infidels he could find, and these were the persons I had to meet. I saw my fate, and prayed inwardly. I opened the meeting and labored so hard that I became fatigued with my exertions to break down the spell that bound me, but all to no purpose. I told the people I was without purse or scrip, and that I depended upon the Lord opening the hearts of those among whom I traveled to furnish me a bed and the comforts of life, and asked if there was any one among them that would favor me with a night's lodging.

Only one man spoke, and that was my supposed friend. He said, "young man, the door is open, go into the street!"

It was now near eleven o'clock. My first thought was to walk the street till

morning, and I did walk till the town clock rang out the quarter to twelve. I walked into the dark shade of a house, and there I raised my hat and pled with my Father in Heaven to befriend me. When through praying, I walked away from that spot as unconcernedly as possible. I went up one side of the street, crossed at the end, and down the other side, when I came opposite a door with two steps up to it. I felt this was my journey's end; for the spirit that was upon me said so. I was impressed to knock. What could I expect at this late hour! The clock had struck twelve.

My knock was answered by a lady, who asked what was wanted.

I told her I was a stranger and needed lodging.

She replied, "do you see the gas lamp down the street? You go and knock there, and you will be treated with kindness."

At this moment who should come to the rescue, but her husband!

"Who is it? What does he want? Invite him in," he said. He stepped back through the hall to the back room, set down his candle, and turned to face me. As soon as he caught a fair look at me, he came forward with right hand extended, and said, "I know you. Ma, this is the young man who awoke me out of my sleep six weeks ago!"

"Yes," said she, "young man you are the person. Unbutton your coat, and you have on a beautiful silkvelvet vest, and a curious made steel watch guard and a plaided necktie."

I was only too pleased to expose the things she referred to, for they were there.

"Now, said my host," young man you stood by my bedside and said, (pressing your hand upon my head)

'arise.' It awoke me, and I slept no more that night, but described you to my wife."

I then said, "allow me to finish the sentence, Arise and be baptized, putting away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord."

"Sit down and we'll talk it over," he replied.

I told him my errand to that town. I told him of what had passed that day and night.

He remarked, "here is a place you can preach in, and all the devils in Fleetwood can't drive you out. Here is your home, and while we have a piece of bread that will break in two, you shall share it."

At three o'clock we retired, and I assure you that the Lord learned before I slept, that I was truly thankful. My friend had three men at work for him. The four made it there business to scatter the news, and a meeting was held in his large back room. I judge there were about sixty persons present. The news spread from the docks that day of what had occurred the night previous, so the house was crowded. I did my own singing, and opened with prayer, and commenced to speak; when I was interrupted by a rather hard looking and hard spirited infidel, who was determined to ply me with questions. After several attempts I got him quieted by saying, "if you will wait till I am through, I will answer you any question." He was satisfied, with this remark and remained still till I was through. Then happened the incident referred to as related in this magazine several years ago.

Three days after this meeting my host said he desired to be baptized. Late in the evening we went out upon the beach and prepared for the work. The

tide was in and the rushing waves unnerved me. I asked my host if there was no place along the beach, that we could protect ourselves, as the waves would carry us away.

He replied there was none.

I felt impressed to walk along in search for something; at last, I came to a row of crude stakes driven down in the beach and running down in the sea; and around for quite a space there was a lot of cobble stones. Said my companion, Reese Walters, (for this was his name) "I never saw these stakes and stones on this beach before."

I watched the motion of the waves and started cautiously to stay myself by holding on to the pickets. When I had satisfied myself, I fixed my right heel between two, and called to my candidate for baptism, to come to me. He did so, and being a small man he was very easily handled. I repeated the words of the ceremony and waited the swell of the wave in which I buried him completely.

During the night I lay pondering over the previous evenings labors. I remembered that I had wandered over the same ground before on the day of my arrival in the town, and could not bring to my mind ever seeing the picket fence and the bed of cobble stones that appeared on the beach. At day break I determined to view the place where I had performed the ordinance of baptism the night before, and to my astonishment I could see no cobble rocks nor fence. All was one vast sheet of sand, and the waves rolled on as they had done before.

I leave the reader to form his own conclusion concerning this circumstance. I claim it was the protecting hand of God, whose servants we were. I will add that Brother Walters made a

trip to the same ground without my knowledge, and could not see any signs of fence or cobble rocks.

Samuel Adams.

PAUL'S VERSION OF CHARITY VERSIFIED.

Though I with tongue of angels speak
If I am void of charity
As tinkling cymbal, I am weak,
As sounding brass my words will be.

Though I have power to prophecy,
Or faith that I could mountains move;
Without the gift of charity,
These gifts to me would worthless prove.

Though all I have I give the poor,
And e'en this body to be burned.
If charity is not in store
What profit hath my giving earned!

Charity suff'reth long, is kind,
Vaunts not itself, and envieth not,
Thinketh no ill, nor is inclined
To hurt a brother's tender spot.

Rejoiceth always in the truth,
Bears, hopes, believes, endureth all,
Deplores the sins of age or youth,
But lets her mantel on them fall.

And whether there be prophecy,
Or tongues, or knowledge, each shall fail
When things in part are done away,
And perfect knowledge shall prevail.

Once, when a child, I spake and thought
And understood as children can,
But, as I grew, the gift I sought
To be a wise and faithful man.

Now, through a glass we darkly see,
Then, face to face we shall appear,
And as we know we know shall be,
And hidden things be plain and clear.

Now, when abideth in the heart
Faith, hope and charity—these three—
The one of best and noblest part
Is saving, God-like charity.

J. C.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE COLORED RACE.

A SUNDAY school scholar writes us concerning a question which arose in a debate in the district school. The question was concerning colored people, and he asks whether there were any in the ark with Noah. He desires something said about this, and as it may be of interest to others, we refer him and them to our editorial remarks upon this subject on page 635, Vol. 26, and page 450, Vol. 29, of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We think our "Sunday School Scholar" will find there all the answer necessary to give upon this question.

AVOID ALL EVIL SPEAKING.

In the course of a conversation not long since with a gentleman (not a Latter-day Saint) something that had occurred brought out from him the narration of an incident that impressed us very favorably. A member of his family, who was related to his wife, and who had come to live with him, indulged in some remarks that were not favorable concerning an acquaintance of theirs. He did not say anything to her in the presence of the company where they were; but he took an early opportunity of calling her aside and gently reproved her for the remarks that she had made. He said he wished her to understand that he never permitted unfavorable remarks to be made concerning

people and their conduct in his house or before his children; he thought the tendency of such remarks was bad, and they were apt to lead to evil results.

His views upon this subject greatly pleased us and called forth our admiration. We thought how much evil would be prevented if everyone would take this course. In all circles of society the habit of criticising absent acquaintances and friends is too common, and remarks are made which if heard by the persons affected would make their ears tingle and provoke their anger. People who make no profession of religion may indulge in this course without coming under the condemnation that they would if they believed in Jesus and His teachings, or if they were Latter-day Saints. But Latter-day Saints cannot speak evil of their neighbors or their brethren and sisters without coming under censure and grieving the Spirit of the Lord. Such examples before children are attended with very bad effects. Children hear their parents or others speak lightly about absent friends or relatives, and it encourages them to do the same; they think they are at perfect liberty to comment in the most familiar manner about everyone whom they may know. In many cases neither age, nor standing, nor sex is respected; young people criticise the words and acts of others with the utmost freedom, and because of the example of their parents perhaps, or of others with whom they associate, they do not think they are doing anything improper in being thus flippant with the reputation of those whom they may know.

It is a disposition which prevails naturally with some people more than with others; but in every case it should be checked. Sensible people take no pleasure in listening to comments of

this character; for, hearing them, the thought naturally arises, "I wonder what this person would say about me if he were speaking to somebody else!"

Besides, every man or woman who has the habit of talking in this unpleasant manner about absent ones will soon be known to be guilty of this practice, and will lose the respect of friends and probably be shunned by them because of the unfortunate and pernicious habit.

Children can be trained to avoid speaking evil of anyone, and they should be taught to exercise the greatest care in this direction. The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and all the teachings of the servants of God, are of such a character, as to check this inclination in the human mind. Both the Bible and the Book of Mormon impress upon us the importance of cultivating charity. They inform us that charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; it doth not behave itself unseemly; it is not easily provoked; it thinketh no evil; it rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Now, if all the Latter-day Saints possess that glorious gift—and all can possess it—they will not speak evil of anyone, no matter what the provocation may be. The person who speaks evil of another injures himself or herself, more than the person concerning whom the remarks are made. It should be understood by the Latter-day Saints that doing wrong in any form injures the person who commits it, whether it be in word or in act, to a far greater extent than it does the person whose injury is sought. The truth is, no righteous person can be permanently injured by anything that may be said or done about him. It may seem to do him harm for the time being, but the Lord overrules all these

things and controls them for the good of those who serve Him. Therefore, it is not only contrary to the commands of God to speak evil, and to tell falsehoods concerning others, but it is bad policy. The injury falls not upon the person for whom it is intended, but upon the one who indulges in it.

The advice, then, of the gentleman of whom we speak, to the member of his family, is advice that ought to be taken to heart by everyone, and in none of our houses should words be spoken that we would blush to have heard by the person concerning whom they are uttered.

THE ELK MOUNTAIN MISSION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 283.]

ON* the 19th of September another company of six men started for their homes, viz., Ethan Pettit, John Crawford, Wm. P. Jones, A. J. Allred, Wm. Geo. Petty, and John Lowry.

It seemed that a spirit of discontent and unrest had seized the whole company. During the summer much had been done for the Indians, as we thought, by way of teaching them the Gospel, insomuch that many were baptized, and four were ordained Elders. I am of the opinion, however, that our labors in that respect were premature. Indians should be well taught and have time for the savage blood to ooze out and civil blood take its place before ordination.

While that small company of six men are wending their way to the settlements, and there are but fifteen men left to defend the fort, care for the crops and stock, I will give an account of myself and events with which I was slightly connected, after my return home.

The White Mountain Mission proved

unsuccessful, and the men all returned home about the time that I did. President Young hearing good reports from the Elk Mountain country, ordered the entire White Mountain Mission to go immediately to join and strengthen that settlement. I was selected to accompany them as guide to their new destination.

On the 16th of September I started with that company on my return to Elk Mountain, although I had been very sick and was scarcely able to walk. We camped in the mouth of Salina Canyon just two weeks from the day we left Salt Lake City. Our stock were all turned loose up the canyon above the narrows and a light guard stood at the narrows to keep them from coming down. The moon shone as brightly as it ever did. The camp had all retired to rest for the night, yet I could not sleep. A wild presentiment of danger, or something undefinable, troubled my mind. In the stillness of the night I was confident that I heard horses' hoofs traveling, and rose to a sitting posture in my bed, which was made in the middle of the road, in a place that gave me a good view of the whole camp and vicinity.

I could neither see nor hear anything more, and then laid me down, wondering what could have deceived me, or if I was deceived. On getting a little drowsy, I was disturbed by the same noise again. I arose carefully to my feet with gun in hand, for I had taken my gun to bed, as I usually did in those days while traveling in Indian countries, and strolled up the canyon until I came to the guard, of whom I casually enquired if any of the stock were troublesome. They said that they had seen none near. So I returned to my bed and laid down again, somewhat

disturbed in my mind. Presently I heard hoof beats, and this time I seemed to know intuitively that it was a horse. As I raised in bed to a sitting posture, I brought my gun to my shoulder, and just as I did so saw a mounted Indian rising from a steep ravine just down the canyon behind our encampment. He saw me and the glint of my gun in the moonlight. In less time than I can think of it now the Indian called my name, my Indian name—Teeah-auk-see-be-tahts. I knew his voice, my favorite Indian. Among all the Indians I ever knew no one was so much like a white man in mildness and intelligence in my estimation as Spoods, for that was his name. He was a brother to the great Indian war chief, Walker, whose name was a terror to all men in these mountains. Spoods was his youngest brother, and the very opposite to Walker.

I told him to stand there, which he was very willing to do, if I would take my gun down. I lowered it and walked close to him, as he told me not to be afraid, for he was my friend. When I was within ten or fifteen feet of him I stopped and asked what he was there for at that time of night. He could talk broken English and I could talk broken Ute, so we came to an understanding in a few moments.

He said that our fort in Elk Mountain Valley was in the hands of the Indians, our men killed, only some had got to Manti, and we must go back. That he had been sent by the Bishop of Manti to tell us.

I took him to Bishop David Evans' wagon, as he was our captain, and wakened him. I then called our interpreter, who soon told us all that Spoods knew, and that was little more than what I have said. We returned imme-

diately to Manti, where we met eight of the brethren that I had left at the fort, including our leader, President Alfred N. Billings.

I must now return with you to the fort in Elk Mountain Valley, and witness the events of the last two days of our stay in that beautiful valley, where we had entertained fond hopes of years of possession and prosperous lives in that almost equatorial climate. Men were with us who had lived in New Orleans and in Mexico, and they said that they never witnessed as hot weather anywhere else. Peaceable relations existed with Indians about the fort, and the great bulk of them were not camped very near. There was a good number of Indians camped about half a mile from the fort, who were restless, noisy adventurers, ready to undertake lawlessness independent of the tribe, knowing that if they should get into trouble they would receive help from their friends. And if they made a good strike or a sure gain they would as willingly divide with their friends. At the head of this party was a son of the Chief St. John, by name Charles, usually called Charley. We had all done a great amount of trading with natives, and had clothed ourselves mostly in buckskin, and had got many horses, so that nearly every man of us had a horse. In doing this, however, we had parted with shirts, blankets, powder, lead, caps, and even guns, until we needed to go home to get a new supply of trade.

Most of us had gone out without calculating to trade, yet we could get a horse or three or four fine buckskins for such little real value of ammunition, guns, clothing or flour that we had parted with a great deal more than any reasonable men would have spared. We had a boom in trade, and it was all on

our side, and we could see no end to it. But the end came suddenly.

On the 22nd of September Wm. Behonning and Edward Edwards went hunting in Elk Mountains and expected to come back the next day. On the same day the Indians all moved camp to about two miles distant. Charley was very intimate at the fort and full of trade. On the morning of the 23rd he bought a gun of Allen Huntington for a fine horse. The same day he bargained with Wiseman Hunt for an ox, for which he was to give a fat, young horse. Hunt was getting a fine trade apparently. Charley was anxious to see Hunt's ox, which was out near the farm, so the two started out, Charley on his horse and Hunt on foot. The Indian managed to keep Hunt in the lead until they were near the ox and seen by the two men, Cutler and Wight, who were herding our stock. While Brother Hunt was pointing out where the ox was the Indian shot him in the back and he fell to the ground.

The herders had seen the two just a moment before, and looked in that direction when the shot was heard but saw only Charley on the horse running towards the Indian camp.

Brother Hunt was shot with the gun that Allen Huntington had traded to Charley only that morning.

One of the herders, S. B. Cutler, who was on a horse, ran to where he last saw Brother Hunt and the Indian, and there found the former lying bleeding but conscious. Cutler shouted to the other herdsman to drive all the stock into the corral as quickly as possible. Then Cutler ran to the fort and told the sad news.

Brother Peter Stubbs had been on top of the gate watching the whole proceedings, and told the men within

that Charley was running to their camp and thought there was trouble on hand.

As soon as Brother Cutler proclaimed the news, all the men ran with a blanket to bring Brother Hunt into the fort, the distance being more than three-quarters of a mile. Peter Stubbs was the only one who had forethought enough to take his gun and ammunition along. They had Brother Hunt on the blanket and started for the fort when about a dozen Indians came from their camp and opened fire on the party. Allen Huntington kept up a retreating fire with Stubbs' gun, and thus, with the assistance of Wm. Starret and John Clark, who had come up with a pistol and gun, kept the Indians at a distance until they were inside the fort. During this running fight A. N. Billings got shot in a finger.

In the meantime the stock were all safe in the corral, and now the gates were fastened, when the brethren were all inside, except the two who went hunting the day previous. This occurred in the afternoon, and before night the Indians fired several shots up among the rocks on the mountain and told the men in the fort they had killed the two hunters.

The Indians were careful to not get near the portholes of the fort, but got on the mountain and shot down into the fort, with some long-range guns that the brethren had sold to them.

While the attention of the brethren was drawn towards the mountain, an Indian fired the haystack at the opposite end of the stockyard. So the hay and corn were destroyed, and no feed was left for the stock.

In the very beginning of the fight the Indians turned the stream of water that ran into the fort in another direction.

Thus our men were left with no water for themselves and no feed for their stock, consequently were in no condition to stand a long siege.

When darkness came firing ceased, and the enemy came near enough for conversation with men inside. After some parleying and explanations, our interpreter, Allen Huntington, told them to come in the morning and finish the talk. They agreed to that, but wanted some bread to take home for their suppers. Bread was given them and they withdrew. In the conversation that was had it was stated by them that they had killed the two hunters, Edward Edwards and Wm. Behonning.

That night was a sad and gloomy night to the few men inside the fort, a night of counseling, planning and watching—counseling as to their future. Perhaps they could dig to water and stay inside in spite of five hundred Indians as long as their provisions lasted; but their brethren were daily expected to return from the settlements, and should they come in time of hostility, without any knowledge of our condition, they would become a sure and easy prey to the besiegers. How could they plan to get out safely and get away from the valley? That was the question. As for watching, that was done inside the wounded man's room.

Peter Stubbs and John McEwan were watching over him until he expired, at three o'clock on the morning of the 24th of September, 1855. It was the watchers' task to lay him out which they did in due form. Early next morning a few Indians came near the fort and called to Allen, who answered in true Indian style. They talked over their trouble, and came to an agreement which was to go and leave all except what they could

carry on horseback with themselves. It had been told that Charley was gone.

"Gone where?" was asked.

"To bring the balance of Indians," was the reply.

If Charley had gone for more men the farther they could get from the fort and valley before he returned the safer they would be. So it was decided to go as soon as they could saddle up, taking only bedding to sleep on and flour to last the trip home and what bread was on hand. The Indians agreed to that and to not molest them while starting.

Their agreement and departure were so sudden that they left their dead brother, Wiseman Hunt, lying there ready for burial. No one took a pack animal except the President.

As soon as the brethren were out of the fort the Indians were in, and then ensued a general scramble, clawing and grasping to see who should get the most plunder, so we were told by a friendly Indian afterwards. Thus they were made glad to leave all, and save their lives.

I have come to the conclusion that if a man or set of men in this Church is appointed to do a certain work by proper authority, they will not fail if they observe the laws of God and the instructions given by the servants of God for the performance of that particular work. God does not call men to do something that they cannot perform.

NOTE.—In giving the names of the leaders of the six missions sent out from Salt Lake City and vicinity in 1855, I depended upon my own journal and personal knowledge, except in the case of Salmon River mission. For information upon that point I searched the "Historical record" and found on page 49 of the supplement to that work entitled "Church Chronology" the following:

"May 20.—The camp of missionaries, called to settle on the Salmon River, Oregon (now Idaho) was organized by T. S. Smith on the bank of the Bear River,

with Francillo Durfee as captain." As no mention was made of a superior to him, I took it for granted that the captain of the company was the leader, and so stated in my history of the Elk Mountain Mission. From information received lately, from living members of said mission I am certain that Francillo Durfee was not the leader but only a captain for convenience while traveling under the control of Thomas S. Smith, who was appointed the leader or president of the Salmon River mission and continued to hold that position until the mission was broken up.

O. B. Huntington.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.)

Chalk.

MOST of us are familiar with the phrase, "He isn't worth chalk." We shall hardly recognize the absurdity of such an expression until we have considered the many things for which chalk is used, and the different kinds of people by whom it is handled. Should it be suddenly stricken out from the list of useful articles we should then probably know for the first time its real value.

Chalk is a soft earthy variety of limestone or carbonate of lime. By looking at it with our naked eyes we associate it with the dust of the road; but when seen through a powerful magnifying glass it is found to be made up of millions of minute shells; so small that it would take thousands of them to cover the head of a pin. We therefore conclude that this mineral, so much in common use has at some past day had a very animated existence.

In its crude state chalk contains a percentage of silica or sand. To separate the two the rough chalk is pulverized and put into water. The chalky part is held suspended, the sand settles and thus the separation takes place.

Chalk is found in strata where lime-

stone is prevalent. It claims the attention of the geologist even more than that of the mineralogist, owing to the fact that it crumbles and wears away very fast by the action of the weather upon it.

Although this mineral is soft it is sometimes so compact that it is used for building-stone: and it is used for this purpose either in its rough state or when sawed into blocks of proper shape and size. In England it is burned into quick-lime and nearly every building of London is cemented with mortar made of it. Not only the walls of buildings are made of chalk, but the finishing cover on the inside is likewise made of it.

Among other useful purposes to which crude chalk is put, in countries where it is plentiful, is that of fertilizing. This manner of enriching the soil is well known to the people who live along the Nile.

In its more refined conditions it is prized by mechanics in making marks that are easily erased. By the artist it is used to compound the color known as Vienna-white; and when mixed with vegetable coloring matter makes many different shades used by painters.

The average school-boy of today has become more familiar with it as a paint for marking on the black-board than in any of its other uses. A lecture room is considered incomplete unless it be furnished with a board and a good supply of chalk. It is, however, largely supplanted in our own schools by the crayon made from plaster-of-paris.

Even the doctors have found a place for chalk among the medicines. When thoroughly refined it is administered to the patient for indigestion.

We know of but few minerals that have been admitted into more useful

places among mankind than chalk; and I think that if it were reanimated and given a tongue for a few minutes it might rise before the world and exclaim with a loud voice, "You know me not, although you see me wherever humanity is found! I help the farmer draw from the earth the bread that gives you life! I build the houses of your kings and rulers, and polish them till they become white as the snowflake! I help your mechanics work out the problems of their brains! I paint the circus-signs upon the street corners and the pictures in your beautiful art galleries and what is a prettier canvas! I paint the faces of the most charming girls in your cities! I heal the sick, and with my white fingers upon the black-board brush away the cobwebs from the brains of millions of lads and lasses in the land!"

Parley Magleby.

My Wax Doll.

WHEN about five years of age my aunt sent me a beautiful wax doll with long, golden hair and lovely blue eyes that would close when dollie was laid down. I would sit and sing to her for hours, really thinking she was mortal, and wondering if she wouldn't soon learn to talk. Father made a cradle for her and this added greatly to my happiness. Life seemed perfectly blissful to me then. Dollie was christened Viola.

It was not long till I was old enough to attend school and Viola must be left at home all day with no one to care for her but mother and my younger sister Bessie. This of course just suited Bessie, for her chance at nursing Viola when I was there was very poor.

On my returning home one evening Viola lay stretched upon the floor, her hair all torn off and her eyes gone. When I saw her my sorrow overcame

me and I wept as none but a broken-hearted little mother can weep. I immediately started out to find Bessie, for well I knew who had treated my dollie so badly. After searching for some time I found my sister out behind the house crying as bitterly as I had been. She said to me,

"Viola had a dirty face and I was washing it, and her pretty eyes dropped out, and her hair soon got wet and came off."

I clasped her in my arms and together we mourned the loss of Viola.

In her cradle in the corner of my room she now lies, disfigured and sadly neglected, for the want of children to care for her.

Now that Bessie and I are both grown we find pleasure in recalling the happy days we spent with Viola.

Sadie Hopkins.

A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

No section of the world has excited greater interest during the last few months than the two great Asiatic empires of China and Japan. The war between them, now terminated by a treaty of peace, is one of the most notable and surprising in history. It has not only been one of the shortest, considering the strength and numbers of the opposing nations, but it has also been almost unexampled in its one-sidedness—that is, the uninterrupted series of victories with which the course of one of the combatants has been marked; and most unexpected of all, the victor was the one which was understood to have only one-tenth the men and resources of the other and whose speedy overthrow was generally predicted. We need hardly tell any reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that the loser in the conflict was China, with its hundreds of millions

of people, and the winner was snug, progressive and energetic little Japan.

Of the latter country much that might now be written has already the flavor of western methods and civilization. To some extent this will also be more and more the case in the future with China. But the barriers there will yield much less slowly, and many of the customs of the past still prevail and will be found for years and years to come. One of the departments of civil life—that dealing with government and public welfare has been making but poor advancement during all the years that foreigners have been permitted to watch the progress of events. It is still backward and barbarous. A reminder of it is furnished in the artist's sketch herewith of a court of justice. As a matter of fact there is little of real justice in most of the courts of China, while torture of witnesses and criminals and excessive punishment of those who are really deserving of pains and penalties in a reasonable degree, are plentiful enough. The pages of this paper have already had many illustrations and descriptions of the various modes of torture inflicted, and they are too cruel to be repeated as a mere matter of pastime. Suffice it to say the officials are generally a grasping, merciless set, whom the common people have every reason to dread, and from whose clutches they are anxious to escape as long as possible. The race is not, however, a lawless and vicious one, so far as pertains to the property and personal rights of others; and were it not for the terrible exactions made upon them by the official class, and for the severity with which trivial offenses are punished, there would be comparatively speaking but little for their courts to do. Of course there are many worthy and commendable traits among the Chinese,



which more enlightened people well might pattern after--notably their industry, frugality and veneration for old age. On the whole, however, they are not a very admirable people, and there has been very little sympathy bestowed upon them for their recent misfortunes in war. In America particularly the feeling has been that if they wanted a fight, and if nothing but a fight would satisfy them, it was better that they should receive a sound trouncing from Japan than that the result should have been the other way. Perhaps they have been taught a lesson that will do them good—it has at least proved a very costly experience for them; and the consequences of it, whatever they may be to China itself, can hardly fail to be of vast importance upon the history of the eastern world. C.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE WORSHIP OF FEMALE DEITIES.

IN the days of Jeremiah the prophet the worship of "the queen of heaven," a feminine deity, was very common. The people of Judah attributed great power to this female deity, so much so that when Jeremiah declared the word of the Lord unto them concerning their idolatrous practices and their departure from the true God, they replied to him, both the men and the women, that they still intended

"To burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done, we, and our fathers, our kings, and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem: for then we had plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil. But since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been

consumed by the sword and by the famine."

It appears from the record of Jeremiah that it was chiefly the women who worshiped this deity. They esteemed it an honor to their sex, and as a vindication of the rights of their sex, and had such faith in this worship that they believed prosperity had been the result, and that in departing from the worship of this queen of heaven they had wanted all things, and had been consumed by the sword and by the famine. It was in vain that the prophet of the true God pled with them and endeavored to show them that they were deceived, and that by continuing this course they were sure to bring down the anger and the hot displeasure of the true God.

There are no predictions so full of threatening recorded in the Bible respecting the fate of women, or wherein women are mentioned so pointedly, as in these predictions of Jeremiah concerning this false worship. Jeremiah said:

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, saying: Ye and your wives have both spoken with your mouths, and fulfilled with your hand, sayng, We will surely perform our vows that we have vowed, to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her."

The prophet continues:

"Behold, I (the Lord) will watch over them for evil, and not for good."

The Lord also said that they should be consumed by the sword and by the famine, which prediction was literally fulfilled.

The record concerning this idolatrous worship of a female deity called the queen of heaven, is brought to mind by reading a chapter in a local paper which bears the head "The Woman's Bible." It is written by Elizabeth Cady Stan-

ton. She aims to give a construction, and perhaps a translation, of the scriptures that will be favorable to woman and to woman's rights, and to assign her, as she appears to think, her true position in the minds of the people. She quotes from the Bible, and comes to the conclusion from the Biblical account that there was "a simultaneous creation of both sexes, in the image of God," and that in the "consultation in the Godhead the masculine and feminine elements were equally represented." She quotes Scott, the commentator, where he says "this consultation of the Gods is the origin of the doctrine of the trinity." Mrs. Stanton's conclusion, however, is that "instead of three male personages, as generally represented, a Heavenly Father, Mother, and Son would seem more rational." She says:

"The first step in the elevation of woman to her true position, as an equal factor in human progress, is the cultivation of the religious sentiment in regard to her dignity and equality, the recognition by the rising generation of an ideal Heavenly Mother, to whom their prayers should be addressed, as well as to a Father.

"If language has any meaning, we have in these texts a plain declaration of the existence of the feminine element in the Godhead, equal in power and glory with the masculine."

Now, to my mind this is rank idolatry, and is as false as the worship of "the queen of heaven" was by the women of Judah in the days of Jeremiah.

It is most dangerous doctrine to be taught to the rising generation of our people. If adopted as a belief and persisted in, it would undoubtedly lead to as dreadful consequences in these days as it did to those who pursued a similar course in the days of the prophet Jeremiah.

That a woman as intelligent and influential among her sex as Elizabeth Cady Stanton should make such a declaration that "instead of three male personages as generally represented (in the Godhead), a Heavenly Father, Mother and Son would seem more rational," shows how easy it is for gross errors to creep in and to be accepted as truth.

Such doctrine is flattering to many of the female sex. There is an air of fairness in the idea, especially in these days when there is so much said upon equality of the sexes. There is good reason to believe that the same ideas prevailed among the Israelites at the time they accepted "the queen of heaven" as a goddess to be worshiped.

It has not been uncommon for different nations to worship female deities. Pele, a female deity, was worshiped by the Sandwich Islanders. In ancient days Isis was the principal goddess worshiped by the Egyptians. She was adored as the goddess of fecundity and as the great benefactress of their country, who instructed their ancestors in the art of agriculture. Perhaps this was the deity whom the Israelite exiles worshiped in Egypt, they living at Pathros, in Egypt, at the time when the interview took place between Jeremiah and them, though Aphrodite is said to have been worshiped by the Israelites in the days of their idolatry. The worship of this goddess was attended with lewd orgies.

The Greeks and Romans also indulged in the worship of female deities. Juno, a celebrated deity, was worshiped by both Greeks and Romans. Ceres was the goddess of Corn, Clio of History, Diana of the Chase, Erato of Lovers,

Hygeia of Health. Minerva was also a noted name in their mythology. She was supposed to represent Wisdom, War, and the Liberal Arts, as Pallas also did Wisdom, and as Vesta did the domestic hearth. These are a few of the feminine deities who were worshiped at one time and another, and who were supposed to confer great benefits upon their worshippers.

The tendency to attribute God-like powers to members of the female sex is exhibited nowadays in the adoration which is paid to the mother of the Savior, the Virgin Mary.

The belief in her influence with her immaculate Son, and the aid which He is supposed to be ready to bestow, calls forth from thousands of worshippers prayers and offerings to her. This belief has spread through various lands, and is another illustration of the disposition to ascribe the power of God to a woman.

That great care must be exercised among the Latter-day Saints upon this point there can scarcely be a question. The late Sister Eliza R. Snow composed a hymn which opens with "O my Father, thou that dwellest." About a year ago a companion hymn to this invocation of Sister Snow's, entitled "Our Mother in Heaven," was published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. In this hymn there is too much of this inclination to deify "our mother in heaven" manifested to make it such a hymn as ought to be sung and to become a household hymn among the Latter-day Saints. There is no ground to think that the author had any design to teach any wrong ideas when he wrote this hymn; neither did the publishers. But if the Editor's attention had been called to this before it appeared in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

he would have suggested some changes. For instance, in the third and fourth verses the poet says:

" 'Tis recorded in your journal,
How you stood by Father's side
When by powers that are eternal
Thou wast sealed his goddess bride:
How by love and truth and virtue
E'en in time thou didst become,
Through your high, exalted station,
Mother of the souls of men.

When of evil I've repented,
And my work on earth is done,
Kindest Father, loving mother,
Pray forgive your erring son."

This language approaches to worship. Our mother is called a "goddess bride." But this is not all: she is appealed to with the Father to forgive her erring son.

Poetical license may warrant the use of language to an extent that might be considered improper in prose; but, as Latter-day Saints, we cannot be too careful concerning the use of language that may lead to wrong impressions, especially regarding the Being whom we worship. In this poetry the mother is placed side by side and on an equality with the Father.

One of the great commandments which the Lord gave to Israel after He led them out of Egypt and from the midst of the idolatrous people of Pharaoh, who had many false gods, was:

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

The Lord also told the children of Israel, "I, the Lord, am a jealous God."

The most terrible woes which came upon Israel during their career in the land of Canaan were the result of departing from the worship of the true God and bowing down to idols and false gods.

The worship of the true God has

been revealed to us. He has revealed Himself in our day. Mortal men have beheld the Eternal Father and the Redeemer, Jesus. And we know that they live. We know also that our Father in heaven should be the object of our worship. He will not have any divided worship. We are commanded to worship Him, *and Him only*.

In the revelation of God the Eternal Father to the Prophet Joseph Smith there was no revelation of the feminine element as part of the Godhead, and no idea was conveyed that any such element "was equal in power and glory with the masculine."

Therefore, we are warranted in pronouncing all tendencies to glorify the feminine element and to exalt it as part of the Godhead as wrong and untrue, not only because of the revelation of the Lord in our day, but because it has no warrant in scripture, and any attempt to put such a construction on the word of God is false and erroneous.

FAST DAY AND THE SACRAMENT.

We have received a communication upon the subject of administering the sacrament to Sunday schools on fast days. The reason for asking this question, we are informed, is that it is contemplated by some of the superintendents of the Sunday schools to appoint the Sabbath as a fast day, and the question is asked, Would it be proper to administer the sacrament on those days, or should it be omitted?

There would be no impropriety in administering the sacrament on fast days to those who are entitled to receive it, and the partaking of the sacrament by those who are fasting would not be considered as a violation of the fast. The partaking of the bread and the contents of the cup under such

circumstances would be quite proper, and has been the custom in the Church upon frequent occasions when fast days have been appointed.

As to the propriety of appointing Sunday as a fast day for the children we take the view that it should be very well considered before deciding upon it, as the children should be taught, where they can do so, to join in the fast that is observed by the whole Church, namely, the first Thursday in every month.

PASSING THE SACRAMENT.

Another correspondent asks some questions as to whether there would be any impropriety in members of the theological class, young men from fourteen to twenty-three years of age passing the sacrament after the offering of the prayers by an Elder or a Priest. He says that some of these young men hold no Priesthood; others are Deacons and Teachers.

It would be well always to use those who bear the Priesthood to pass the bread and the cup, although there is no fixed rule in the Church that we know of upon this point. Questions have been frequently asked concerning this, some appearing to think that it is improper or wrong for anyone not bearing the Priesthood to pass the bread or the cup. But while it is preferable always to use men for this purpose who hold the Priesthood, so as to avoid creating questions in the minds of the Saints, still there appears to be no wrong in those who do not bear the Priesthood doing this, as we frequently see in congregations women and children passing the bread and the cup to those who sit beside them, and this certainly does not detract from the value of the ordinance in any manner.

THE NEW COOK.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270.)

CHAPTER II.

"Mother, I'm tired of seeing you a kitchen drudge. When's the new cook coming?"

The speaker was a young man of some twenty-four summers.

"Well I'm sure I don't know, Milton," answered the mother as she wearily fell into a chair.

"Have you had no applicants?"

"Only one."

"Why didn't you accept her?"

"Because she wouldn't accept me. When I opened the door yesterday, to a certain pre-emptory ring, instead of discovering you, as I expected, a raw, brazen maid confronted me. Taking me in with a superior, comprehensive stare, she said in lofty accents:

"'How do, young woman' (I should have considered the *young woman* part a compliment, Milton, had she not said it so slightly) 'is your missus to hum?'"

"'I'm the mistress of this house,'" I answered.

"'O, *you* air, air you?' an elevation of the massive brows. 'Well, I'm Bridget Malby. I suppose you 'ave heered on me afore? I'm the lady as cooked for Mrs. Benbow.'

"Assuring her that I had not the proud distinction of knowing her even by reputation, I got in return a look which plainly said, 'Weel, you air a bright un, now 'haint you?' while she added aloud:

"'I'm all on a sweat. I 'ave walked ower quite a bit o' ground, so I'll jes' set down a bit an' puff wile I see ef you suits me.'

"Walking into the parlor, with me meekly following, she flung off her purple bonnet, with its brilliant red roses and green leaves, and casting

herself upon the sofa, she said, 'Yu dun't 'appen to 'ave a bit o' cake an' lamonade in the 'ouse, du yu? I'd thank yu to 'and me something tew stay me stomach.'

"Will you believe it, Milton, I complied. Your poor, weak mother, being completely in the control of this remorseless individual, actually handed Bridget the dish of fruit cake, your birthday cake, and let her cull the choicest pieces."

"'Come into the kitchen' I said, 'and we can talk over things better there.'"

"'Woman, I'm not used to settin' in the kitchen. Howsomever, I'm willin' tu commerdate yu this time.'

"When we arrived in the kitchen she looked about relentlessly and said:

"'I've ben gettin' six a week to Mrs. Benbow's, but ef yu'll make it aisy fur me yere, I'll superintend yer cooin' for five. Yu mus' giv' me ivery hother dai hof and hall Sindays and 'olidais. You mus' sind me washin to the staim laundry, and pay me hextra wen yu 'ave company. I hinfer hall yer sair-vants air off on a 'oliday?'"

"I could feel myself growing smaller and smaller."

"I have no servants," I said.

"No servants!" I can't describe the scorn with which this exclamation was delivered. Then, with a look of withering majesty, she picked up her skirts and departed.

Milton laughed until he nearly overturned the chair in which he sat.

Well, mother, that's rich. I hope you'll have a few more such specimens. I'll take the liberty of remaining to watch the fun."

A knock soon sounded at the side door.

"Allow me to receive this one, mother," Milton exclaimed as he sprang

up, his eyes twinkling with merriment. He opened the door and, with his most gallant bow, ushered in a frail female. She had love-sick eyes and a simpering mouth.

"Lauk!" she said.

"Are you an applicant for the place my mother offers?"

"Lauk!" again answered the simpering mouth.

"I didn't know I had to cook for men folks, Lauk! Jim that's my feller—Jim, he didn't know there wuz any men folks here, ore he would be gettin' jealous" (here a languishing glance at Milton). "Be you the son or husband?"

Milton assured her that he was the son at her service.

"Lauk! Well, that' all right. Jim, he would be gettin' jealous if he knew there wuz any men-folks; but I'll not tell him, and he needn't find out—that is, if you don't take me out buggy-ridin' and to the theatre too often. Lauk! I have lots of fellers, but you're the nicest one I've met lately, but Jim, he would be gettin' jealous if he knew there wuz any men-folks here."

"But, my dear Miss," gravely added Milton, "one of our rules is that the cook can't have fellers, for it keeps her up late nights, so that she can't get up early mornings and get my breakfast. I have to go to my business early.

"Lauk! Not have fellers? Well, I guess it doesn't matter, because Jim, he would be gettin' jealous if he knew there wuz any men-folks here. Lauk!"

She looked ready to cry and left.

"See how nicely I dispose of them!" exclaimed Milton, with fun beaming from his face, as he turned to his mother. He was a handsome youth, one whom to see once a person felt impelled to look the second time. And he never appeared to better advantage than when

his fine, dark eyes were beaming with mischief.

"I suppose the next one will faint in my arms. Mother, you must let me put a list of questions. When the next one arrives, I shall look stern and say, Miss, are you in the habit of washing your feet in the bread-pan? Do you put your head through a like operation in the dish-pan? If so, we can't accept you, because we are people so rigidly particular that we object to these things. As to cleaning your teeth with my tooth-brush, or cutting your corns with my razor, such little incidents we'll try not to notice. But do you fall in love with the master? I'm the master of this establishment, and you must not fall in love with me. Now this is one of our most imperative rules. I realize my potent charm, my irresistible face and fascinating ways, not to mention my money-bags, my diamond shirt-studs, cravat-pins, and shares in the X. Y. and Z. Mines. But, Miss, you're to close your eyes and senses when I'm about, or resort to some such method in order that you fall not in love with me, *me*, ME! Dear, Miss, don't feel so bad!"—extending his arms, he walked toward the door and enclosed an imaginary Miss. "You may kiss me, if you must, but you must go, and we'll get another cook, for you know, I told you at first that you must not fall in love with me, *me*, ME!"

Then the ridiculous fellow melodramatically clapped his hand to his forehead and tore his raven locks, while his fond mother laughed and admired.

A timid knock announced a third applicant. Tragically the amateur actor approached and flung wide open the door.

There stood Rachel Glynn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TWO PATHS.

"AND the two paths stretched before them. In one of the flowers seemed each a separate glory. There was the rapture of bird songs, and permeating all, such a glow of light and color that the eyes were dazzled. The other was darkened by shade, and barren of all beauty, yet in the remote distance there was a bright line of light, not visible on the flower-lined path. In fact its own radiance was quite sufficient, and no one cared to look beyond."

Evelyn Seaton, who had read the above paragraph aloud, laid down the book with a laugh. "Oh, the old-fashioned parable, mamma! I wonder if those old writers really thought they were mystifying people. Of course any child can understand that the bright path is pleasure, and the dark one duty, or virtue. That's the usual meaning of all these old moral tales, isn't it?"

"And yet it is wrong," Mrs. Seaton answered. "The path of duty may sometimes be dark, but frequently the sweetest flowers bloom by its side. How was it with you last week? You remember the weather was cold and disagreeable, and you didn't wish to go to school."

Duty was dark to you then; but when at the end of the week you received such a flattering testimonial from Prof. Adams, you were delighted at having conquered your reluctance."

"Then I presume the old professor was the bright line at the end of my path," laughed Evelyn. "Oh, you artful mamma! You coaxed me to read the allegory just to point it like a pistol at my pleasure-loving self. Surely I'm not such a pleasure-seeker, such an excitement-lover, as you say I am."

"I have never seen a girl of six-

teen years of age more so," was Mrs. Seaton's grave answer. "For an hour's excitement, I sometimes think you would sacrifice anything. Laugh as you will at the allegory, but you have two paths, as well as every other girl, and I fear it will only be a mere chance if you get into the right one."

"Suppose that to please me you try an experiment. It will be something new, and you like novelty. Take up one or two duties at once, today, and try to be cheerful, though your young friends have left you."

Several of Evelyn's young relatives had been spending the last two weeks with her. They had left that morning, and she had wandered about the house gloomy and discontented, until the episode of "The Two Paths" had roused her a little.

The young people had had what they called a jolly time at Mrs. Seaton's. The weather had been fine, and they had ridden, walked, and played croquet to their heart's content. Evelyn had thrown herself into the enjoyment of each hour with her usual impetuosity.

Now that she was alone, the dullness of the old life was almost unbearable, and she was actually turning over in her mind several plans, perhaps objectionable in themselves, but which might give her a little amusement.

She was not a girl who ever paused to ask herself, "Is this right?" but, "Will this amuse me?"

As if in answer to her thoughts, Molly, one of the servants, who was sweeping out the hall, gave her a significant look as she was going up stairs.

"O dear, if I ain't had a time tryin' to give you this note, so no one would see! Somehow your ma seemed to

be suspicioning something, and kept you close all the morning. Here it is. He says to me, says he. 'Molly, you put it in her own hands, mind, and tell her I'll be at the gate, at the end of the Acacia Walk. I'm bound to see her this very morning.' Them was his very words."

Evelyn, with the note in her hand, fled to her room with crimson cheeks. She hardly knew whether to be shocked or pleased, for though she had often received notes from Captain Campbell, through the housemaid, she had never met him in the manner now proposed.

He was a handsome, worthless young man, who had been visiting a relative in the neighborhood, and she and her cousins had met him first at an impromptu party, given by this very relative.

"I don't like to have you visit at Mrs. Forster's," her mother had said. "She is a careless, frivolous woman, who receives all kinds of objectionable people at her house. Captain Campbell, who is staying there, is the last man with whom your father and I would wish you to have even a passing acquaintance."

"But I needn't be introduced to him," Evelyn said. It would be too bad to have Belle and Lina disappointed, when they've so set their hearts on this party. Besides, you'll be with us, mamma."

But unfortunately Mrs. Seaton was sick the evening of the party, and against her better judgment she allowed the young people to go to it without her. There was something very pleasant and exciting to Evelyn in seeing the objectionable captain's eyes, which certainly were handsome, following her everywhere. We must acknowledge

that she had very few personal attractions, but a large fortune inherited from an uncle made her irresistibly charming to the needy adventurer.

He was introduced to her, and then began a chapter of deceit and contemptible subterfuges, which it is best to pass over in silence.

Mr. and Mrs. Seaton did not know that their daughter even knew a man with whom, through Molly's aid, she was carrying on a clandestine correspondence. The cousins had been aware of the flirtation, and laughed, as gay, thoughtless young creatures will at such things. But Belle Atkins, who was older, and a little more worldly-wise, had said, on the day of her departure:

"If I were you, Evelyn, I'd drop that Captain Campbell. Everybody says he isn't nice at all: and I think he is rather dangerous to flirt with. Of course I know you're only amusing yourself, and don't care two straws for him, but I'm afraid he'll get you in his power some-way, if you don't stop in this flirtation."

Sitting there in her room, with the note in her hand, Evelyn hardly knew whether she really cared for the writer or not. He was certainly the handsomest man she had ever seen, and then he was so devoted to her!

It never entered the foolish girl's mind that her money had something to do with this devotion; and then, since the beginning of the acquaintance, she had been kept so pleasantly excited. To be sure the dread of discovery was always with her. Her father was a stern man, who could be very harsh and unforgiving. She was only a school-girl, she did not realize that there was something very wrong and unnatural in the position in which

she had placed herself—in connection with this fascinating man.

Evelyn sat there for some moments, perplexed and undecided. She could not make up her mind to give up the handsome captain, but yet the note she held showed that she must come to some decision. He told her that a sudden summons compelled him to leave town that day, and that she must meet him at noon. There was an urgent necessity for it, and if he did not find her at the end of the Acacia Walk he would come up to the house. Her heart almost stood still when she thought of the possible consequences of his coming to the house. She did not dream that the man only wrote this to frighten her into compliance with his scheme.

The spider had woven its web, and was waiting for the fly to step into it. If she would only meet him he felt confident in his power to persuade her to another step—a clandestine marriage.

Circumstances had hurried his plans, and something definite must be decided upon that very day.

Evelyn's thoughts did not quite go the length of his. In fact, through the whole affair she had had no definite end in view. It was all an exciting, charming romance, with stern parents and a slandered lover, but somehow this last note made her uneasy.

"What a goose I am to feel frightened!" she said. "What harm is there in walking down the avenue? And if Captain Campbell happens to be on the other side of the gate—surely the highway is free to all. Of course I shouldn't like to see him, he's so prejudiced: but there's no danger of his getting home before four o'clock."

The servant Molly entered at that

moment, without the ceremony of knocking.

"La, miss, your beau's waitin' for you," she said, with offensive familiarity. "He told me he was comin' to the big gate, and I run there to see if he was come. You'd better hurry up. And, O miss, can't you give me some money? I need a dollar or two, monstrous bad."

"I haven't any today, Molly," Evelyn said, with a feeling of humiliation. "I'll get it for you soon."

The girl flounced off with a sullen look, and Evelyn knew that if the hush-money was not given, Molly would not hesitate to reveal her secret to her parents. She had already used it to extort ribbons and other small articles in Evelyn's wardrobe which happened to take her fancy.

Evelyn put on her hat, and slipped out at the back door.

The Acacia Avenue was an old disused walk, running along the side of the house to a gate on the high road, which had been nailed up when the new avenue was made in front of the house. Because of her nervousness and anxiety, Evelyn lingered in the walk in spite of the impatient captain at the end.

Not usually observant, today nothing escaped her notice, in this unwonted thoughtful mood. Perhaps she wished to abstract herself from all unpleasant reflections; perhaps her better angel was making a last effort in her behalf; but the sun fell in lines of light through the branches, and the glow of the flowers which lined the path had never seemed to her so brilliant and beautiful.

Always rich in bloom, the Acacia Walk today was at its fairest and best. Stopping a minute to pluck a crimson

rose, she turned and looked back at a little footpath—a short cut to the house she had left.

It was dim, and shaded by trees through whose dense foliage the sun seldom pierced, but it had no turns, and went straight down to an opening in the park, which looked like a bright glimmer in the distance.

A sudden remembrance smote Evelyn. Were not her steps on the very path of the allegory she had read a few days before?

Standing there she remembered how it ended; and the light and bloom had dazzled only to lead to a darksome pit. And there at the end of that dim way lay all the peace and security of her home. By an impulse which she did not stop to question, she turned and ran as if pursued, until the house was gained.

When in her own room, she felt that she had chosen the right path, and there was in her mind a delightful sense of security. She would not meet Captain Campbell, come what might.

That day at dinner Mr. Seaton said to his wife:

"You know that young scamp Campbell, who has been staying near here? It appears that he was dismissed from his regiment for dishonorable conduct, and this morning he was sought for on some more serious charge. I do not know what it was, but he gave the constable the slip, and is off to parts unknown."

The two parents did not know the cause of Evelyn's sudden faintness, and insisted upon her lying down until she was better.

She obeyed, glad to be alone, though her own thoughts were too full of mortification and shame to be pleasant com-

panions. But it was a wholesome discipline.

Evelyn's reading of "The Two Paths" was what is called accidental, but years afterwards, when she was an elderly woman, and liked to tell the story to her children, she would say:

"My dears, a watchful Providence works through what men call trifles! There is no such thing as accidents or trifles in the world. Though the links may be very small, in the chain of events that make up our lives, yet they are links, and the thoughtful and the discerning can see many of them in this world. The whole will be revealed in the next."

HOW MANY TOES HAS A CAT?

THIS was one of the questions asked of a certain class during examination week; and simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency, the principal was applied to for a solution; and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up; when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When this idea was announced the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed and her toes counted, when to the relief of all, it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet.

All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle or in physical contests.

Our Little Folks.

PRIZES OFFERED.

IN No. 1 of the present volume of the INSTRUCTOR we published a list of prizes which we offer for stories, drawings, penmanship, fancy work, etc. To remind our young friends of this offer, we again present the list of prizes and the conditions. The time has been extended from the 1st to the 15th of June, so there is still an opportunity for competitors to send in their articles.

FOR BEST STORY suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Book of Mormon, large print. Second Prize, leather, gilt, copy of L. D. S. Hymn Book.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, subject to be chosen by the competitor, First Prize, leather bound copy of Domestic Science. Second Prize, cloth bound copy Domestic Science.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, First Prize, cloth bound copy of Wonderlands of the Wild West. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Whitney's Poems.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of a copy of the Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, to be competed for by boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, First Prize, leather bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, by boys or girls under twelve years of age, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the work From Kirtland to Salt Lake. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Moral Stories.

FOR BEST POCKET KNIFE WORK, either carving, scroll or other class of work in wood, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of Heber C. Kimball. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of the Doctrine and Covenants, large print.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF KNITTING, lace, fascinator, wristlets, mittens or stockings; First Prize, morocco, extra gilt copy of the L. D. S. Hymn Book. Second Prize, morocco gilt copy of Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF CROCHET WORK, any article, such as tidies, etc., First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of John Taylor. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY, any pattern, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of Joseph Smith. Second Prize, morocco, extra gilt, copy of Whitney's Poems.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF ART WORK IN TISSUE PAPER, such as lamp shades, fancy vases, etc., First Prize, leather, gilt Book of Mormon, large print. Second prize, calf grain gilt Book of Mormon, small print.

The above prizes consist entirely of home publications, the combined value of which is \$37.65.

The conditions are only that the competitors must be under eighteen years of age. It is free to all, boys and girls. The articles they send in competition must reach us by the 15th of June, 1895. Those who wish their articles returned must send stamps to pay the postage on them. The articles of most merit will be exhibited in our office with the names of the makers attached and the names of those receiving prizes will be published in the INSTRUCTOR. Remember to give your name and address when writing to us.

TEDDY'S LESSON.

"COME, Teddy, said Mrs. West, "it's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and he did not want to be disturbed, just then.

"O mother, wait a little while," he said.

A little later Hester came to the door.

"Teddy, you ought to get the cows," she said.

"Bother the cows!" replied Teddy, crossly, and his sister went away.

Soon a man's face appeared at the window.

"Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West; and when his father spoke like that, Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper, and his father was piling up the kindling-wood for the morning's fire.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good, anyway, just in the way. I hate cows!"

An hour later, the cows were safe in the barn for the night, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back, in the fresh, bracing air.

A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows, Teddy." Teddy opened his mouth and then closed it again, without saying a word.

"I won't give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we get our butter from the cows, and you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the other children, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said, soberly. "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of creamy cheese, but it was passed to every one but him. But, worst of all, when the custards were brought in, sweet and brown in their little, white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk, and cows are no² good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.

"I—I 'haven't had anything to eat," he blurted. Just bread, without any butter, and potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

A Narrow Escape.

I THOUGHT I would write the following, which might be interesting to my young readers:

In 1888 my little brother Benjamin was playing around a spring which was near our house, and fell in. Ma missed him and went to the door to ask pa, who was near by, if Benjamin was with him. Pa said he was not.

Something told pa to go to the spring. He went immediately and found Benjamin with his head downwards in the spring. Pa took him out and carried him to the house.

I and my younger brother Willie, aged four years, were at the neighbor's house. Our neighbor's son came run-

ning and told us Bennie was drowned. We went home just as fast as we could run.

Our neighbor's son got a book that told how to treat anyone who has been nearly drowned.

The folks worked with Bennie hard all the day. He was cramped very badly, and did not come to his senses till about sundown. They all thought he was going to die, but he got all right. He has been well and hearty ever since.

Charles A. Moffet. Age 12.

HUNTSVILLE, WEBER CO., UTAH.

My Native Town.

My native town, Bunkerville, is situated in the south-eastern part of Nevada, about four and one half miles from the eastern line; and is on the south-eastern bank of the Rio Virgin. The town is about a half mile in width by one mile in length, and was settled in 1877.

About eighteen years ago, this town-site was covered with sage-brush and evergreens. But the people kept coming and taking up land and tilling it until now most of the valley is under cultivation. When Bunkerville was first settled the people had no meeting house in which to meet and worship the Lord, so they met in a bowery put up for that purpose. But, in a few years, when more people came and settled, they soon collected enough money to build a small meeting house, which has since been used for all public gatherings.

The town has grown so rapidly the last few years that a new meeting house has to be built. One about 56 feet by 36 feet is now being erected. There are as many as forty families and about three hundred inhabitants.

The chief occupation of the people is farming. They raise fruits, vegetables, grains, and cotton.

The water that is used in irrigating is taken out of the Rio Virgin which runs about a mile from the settlement. In the rainy season, the water rises very high and often carries away the dam. There has been a number of floods the past winter.

During the spring and summer months, Bunkerville is a very pretty place.

Lucina Lee, Aged 12.

BUNKERVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY,

NEVADA.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Moses; or the Story of a Baby.

JOSEPH, the ruler of Egypt, died when he was one hundred and ten years old; and the king died also. Many years afterwards, there was a new king, who was also called Pharaoh. This king knew nothing about Joseph, and did not care how much good he had done. He was a wicked king and wanted to make the Israelites his slaves, and he set task-masters over them, to make them work hard, but when he saw how many there were, and how many children were growing up, he was afraid that when there was a war they would join with the other side and fight against the Egyptians and become free; so he made a law that all the boy babies should be killed, or thrown into the river to drown.

There was one woman who made up her mind to try and save her baby if she could, so she kept it hidden for three months, and then, when she could not hide him any longer, she made a little basket and fixed it so the water could not get into it. She then put the

baby in the basket, and took it down to the river quite early one morning, so that no one would see her, and hid it among the flags and willows that grew near the edge of the water; and the baby's sister Miriam, went off some distance to play, where she could see the river and watch what became of the baby.

After a while the king's daughter came down to the river to bathe, and some more young ladies with her. As they walked along she saw the basket on the edge of the water, and sent her maids to get it. When they uncovered it, the baby cried, but it was such a nice baby that she thought she would keep it, although she knew it was a Hebrew boy, and that her father had said they must all be drowned.

The little girl ran up, as any child might to see what they had found, and when the king's daughter said she would keep the baby for her own, Miriam asked if she should get a Hebrew nurse for her, and she said yes; so the little girl ran home and got her mother to come, but they did not tell any one that they had ever seen the baby before.

The king's daughter hired the woman to take care of the child for her, and you may be sure the little girl and her mother were very glad of the chance to take the baby home again, and they had a good time taking care of him, but when he was a few years old the king's daughter had him brought to her house to live. She named him Moses because that means "drawn out of the water," and she had teachers for him, that he might learn all the Egyptians could teach him.

Now my children, why did the child's mother think of that plan to save her baby?

The Lord put it into her mind to

make the basket, and where to hide it, and he also put it into the mind of the king's daughter to not let it be drowned, because He had a great work for the child to do when he became a man.

Celia A. Smith.

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

Four Little Girls.

FIRST GIRL:

I HAVE something in my pocket,
And I want you all to guess
What it is that's in the pocket
Of this beautiful new dress.

Ada thought it was an apple;
Lizzie guessed a painted ball;
Clara curled her lips and said,
"There is nothing there at all."

But there is something in my pocket,
So, now, just think a minute,
And see which one can tell me first
What it is that I have in it.

Can't you guess?

SECOND GIRL:

Biscuit?

FIRST GIRL:

No.

THIRD GIRL:

Orange?

FIRST GIRL:

Guess again.

FOURTH GIRL:

Marbles, or wax doll?

FIRST GIRL:

No, no, no!

I'll have to tell them; now open wide
your eyes and ears,
But don't you tell a soul;
Now, listen, every one of you,
It's nothing but a hole.

(Turns her pocket inside out and puts
her fingers through the hole).

MEMORIAL HYMN.

For Decoration Day.

MUSIC BY A. HARDY.

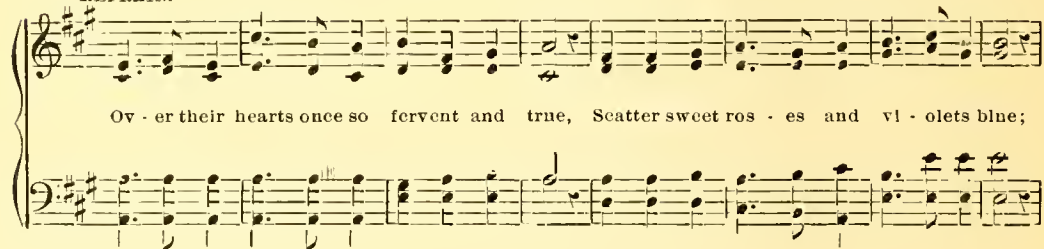


1. Come to the sa - cred spot Where rest our hon - ored dead, Let
 2. Come ye be reaved and sad, Wid - ows of be - roes brave, Your
 3. Fath - ers and moth - ers come, Bowed down with age and care, Here
 4. Brothers and sis - ters come, Your broth - ers love de - mands The
 5. Come, par - ents, gath - er round, Your loved ones sleep - ing here, And
 6. Our na - tions, God, pro - tect, Our na - tions wealth a - dorn, And



all their rich - est offerings bring And dec - o - rate their bed,
 lit - tle orphan'd children bring To bless their fath - er's grave,
 rests your no - ble, honored sons, Ob - jects of love and care,
 rich - est offerings, you can bring, Off'rings of heart and hands,
 deck their graves with fragrant flow'rs— Restrain no fall - ing tear,
 bean - ti - fy the hollowed spot Till Res - nr - rec - tion morn.

REFRAIN.



Ov - er their hearts once so fervent and true, Scatter sweet ros - es and vl - olets blue;



Nev - er a flow'r for their graves was too fair, Trimming them loving - ly, drape them with care.

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Catarrh, Sore Throat
and **ALL PAIN.**

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ones never. There are many worthless
imitations of POND'S EXTRACT. If
you want to be CURED*

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WHICH DO NOT CURE.**

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